

Perkin's Passing-Bell,

OR THE

TRAYTORS FUNERAL:

BEING

A New *POEM* on the *REBELLS* Overthrow, on *Monday July the 6th* Three Miles from *BRIDGWATER*.

This may be Printed, P. L. S.

A Wake my Muse! great Fame Allarms my Eares,
Bells, Trumpets, Drums, Affright the spacious
 In gentle Strains assist me to repeat (Spheares;
 A Nobles Fall, (would he were Good as Great!)
 Oh *Perkin! Perkin!* how could'st thou Combine
 Thy own Destruction, in thy Ages Prime,
 By such ignoble wayes, and forcing Fate
 To check thy Pride Fond and Degenerate;
 Shall *Brittains* Monarch's too to tender Love
 (Bestow'd on thee) thus, undeserved prove.
 How could'st thou then in such an horrid Cause
 Turn Traytor, to divide, and humane Laws?
 How could'st thou thus then so unnatural be
 How could'st thou Plot 'gainst such a King as He?
 One who had heap'd such Honours on thy Head,
 And yet could'st thou ungrateful with him Dead,
 Not only with him so, but in that Strife
 To Act a part that was to take his Life;
 Yet, cause thy Blood from Noble Springs do Flow,
 Would Errour and not Malice make thee so!
 Would thou wer't over reach'd that so the Sin
 Might be less thine, than theirs that drew thee in:
 Fain would I think it were with thee, as they
 An *Ignis Fatuus* leads out of the Way,
 So thou o'er sway'd by 'th' Pious seeming Wits
 Of *Hells* chief Agents, (Jugling Parasites)
 By specious Arguments and Pious Fraud,
 Such as *Geneva Demons* do Applaud,
 Wer't by that *Hellish* Brood drawn in to be
 An Actor in that Disfmal Tragedy
 That boldly aim'd at Sacred Majesty
 Far worse than Witchcraft sure's Rebellious Sin,
 The first of Woes the *Devil* usher'd in,
 Unhappy *England* fam'd for *Civil Wars*,
 PLOTS upon PLOTS, and everlasting Jars.
 Yet more Unhappy, those produce its Woe
 Invoke the Curses that attend it now,
 That basely strive to Undermine the Throne,
 When *Heaven* decreed it for Great *JAMES* alone;
 (A Princely abstract of a Glorious Hue,
 Descent of King and Priest and Prophet too;

Whose grand Experience of a *Quondam* Age
 Invests him as the great'st *European* Sage)
 Not for a Graceless Wretch whose Actions Sing,
 Sing and declare a Traytor, not a King,
 Unworthy of his Prince, whose tender care
 For him did every Day and Hour appear;
 Brought him in Favour from a mean Degree
 Advanc'd him to a State of Dignity;
 Made him the Minion of the Court and King,
 And when from Court at last the Bird took Wing
 And soar'd with *Icarus* in too high a Sphere,
 Ungratefully Conspiring to Ensnare
 His Royal Father, and his Uncle too,
 In Curs'd Cabals with the *Fanatick* Crew:
 Yet yet his great Indulgence still's so Great,
 On fain'd Repentance he forgives the Cheat,
 Presents him to his King, whose tender Love
 Did once again his Royal Pitty Move.
 But here (Tongue can't express) th' Ungratitude
 Of this Vile Wretch thus Barbarously Rude
 Unhappy State of Monarch's who do Good
 Even to those that strive to shed their Blood;
 Yet more unhappy those attempt the Fact,
Heavens will revenge so Monstrous foul an Act;
 Protect our Royal King, Defend his Crown,
 Bring all *Fanaticks* with Rebellion Down;
 Add Luster to the Throne, dispel all Fears,
 Extirpate Faction, with the Fruit it Bares;
 Induce the Blessings of a Glorious Life,
 That all the Nation live as Man and Wife.
 By just Experience now the Rebels see
 The Effects of their Damn'd Disloyalty:
 The Royal Army Fleh't because that's Just,
 Upon the Traytors with great Courage Thrust,
 Beat off their Fury, force the *Whiggish* Rout
 With doubty Blows to wheal and tack about:
 Then happy those that with the greatest Speed
 Could by their Flight avoid the Martial Steed.